

The Chronicle History

Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the Crowne.
I Richards body haue interred new,
And on it hath bestow'd more contrite teares;
Then from it issued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My Lord.

King. My brother Glosters voice.

Glo. My Lord, the army stayes vpon your presence.

King. Stay Gloster stay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very strong,

Ex. There's five to one, and yet they are all fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.

Cl. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Whose that, that wishes so, my cousen Warwick?
Gods will I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my kingdome.

Ne

of Henry the fise.

No faith my Cosen, with not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our camp
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to dye with vs.
This day is called the day of Crispin:
He that out-liues this day, and sees olde age,
Shall stand a tipto when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Crispin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crispins day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence, and Gloster,
Warwicke, and Yorke,
Familiar in their mouths as household wordes.
This story shall the good man tell his son,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it shall be remembred.

We few, we happy few, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere so base
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shal he strip his sleeues, & shew his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispins day.
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
They were not there, when any speakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Crispines day.

Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

King. Why all things are ready if our mindes be so.

War. Perish the man whose minde is backward now.

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King